

## Abraham Lincoln papers

From [Evert A. Duyckinck] to Abraham Lincoln<sup>1</sup>, February 18, 1865

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<sup>1</sup> Evert A. Duyckinck was a New York publicist and diarist.

Quincy Feb. 18. 1865

The late peace conference, with its incidents, belongs to History. The public are interested in its every fact, and posterity will scan the record. An important omission has occurred in all the published accounts — and I have supplied that omission. I forward the paper that it may be placed on file among the Archives of the Nation.

Not wishing to trespass on your valuable time, I beg to subscribe my self, Mr. President, very

Truly yours

Asmodeus

E. A. D.

To the President

Pleasantry — Not on business — For some leisure hour of relaxation—

E. A. D.

[Attached Clipping:]

[For the Whig and Republican]

“That Reminds Me of a Little Story.”

The papers furnish an account of the late peace conference between the President and the rebel commissioners Stephens Hunter and Campbell — all, but that “little story” Uncle Abe was reminded of, and which called for a burst of laughter from the commissioners. Every one seems anxious to hear that little story. On opening the subject Stephens spoke of the letter of instructions from Davis, in which he expressed his desire to restore peace to the people of “the *two countries*,” to which

Uncle Abe responded with the expression of his sincere desire to restore peace to “the people of *our common country*” — and here the story comes in.

Said Uncle Abe: This reminds me of a little story. Master Fred, (as he was called by all the little darkies on the farm,) was the eldest son of Gen. H——, and was a self-willed and uncontrollable, spoiled child, who had always carried his point and overcome all opposition to his royal will, by his frantic and reckless violence. “Fred is King,” he would sometimes say, in the pride of his triumphs. They had a barrel of new cider, and Fred having taken several drinks, Mrs. H. had forbidden him to have any more till next day. About bed time there arose a terrible noise in the nursery, upsetting chairs, breaking pitchers, looking glasses, windows, &c., &c.; and Mrs. H. hurrying into the nursery found Fred undressed, but with the tongs in hand smashing things generally, and swearing he wouldn't go to bed until he had another drink of cider. She snatched him up unawares, and turning him on her lap “tickled his catastrophe” with fast and furious manipulations till she brought it to a cherry-red; and then telling him he should not have any more cider, ordered him to bed, and retired. Now, Master Fred was decidedly in a fix. He was stunned — he was bewildered. What shall he do? To yield and give in was to lose the prestige of his royal supremacy — his sceptre would be broken — his power gone. And then, too, the [torn] were grinning in undisguised [torn], on the other [torn]<sup>2</sup>

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2 Regrettably the rest of this anecdote is missing.